Frances Willard, Sitka pupil.
File

Literature Department of the
Board of Home Missions and the Woman's Executive Committee
of the Presbyterian Church,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Native Missionary in Alaska

The following sketch was prepared by Mrs. J. F. Pingry, in whose home Miss Willard spent the four years of her school life in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The interest in Alaska as a country is constantly increasing, and that in the people keeps pace, for no more interesting mission field can be found in which to work than that which is afforded by this far-away territory.

Among the small beginnings was the establishment of a "Home" at Fort Wrangel, where, under the loving care of Mrs. McFarland, our first missionary in that country, were gathered several Alaskan children, whom she had taken from their native homes to educate and christianize. Among them was one belonging to the Thlinkits, who was considered particularly bright and promising even at an early age. Her native name was Shik-sha-ni, but her mother called her by the English name "Fannie," and Miss Willard, of Auburn, New York, who was interested in the school, and in this scholar, added to "Fannie" her own name, "Willard." In 1885 Mrs. McFarland came to the States, bringing Fannie with her, in order that she might place her in some good school if the way should open. By visiting and addressing societies, Mrs. McFarland awakened an interest in the Alaskan work, and also in her small charge, who sang her little hymns with a sweetness of voice that compelled attention. Miss Willard signified her willing-

ness to continue Fannie's support in whatever school she might be placed, and the Ladies' Society of the Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore, kindly offered to furnish clothing; this they did during the four years of her school life, thus maintaining an interest in her which has never been lost. Mrs. McFarland placed her in a Home and Day School in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where she won the love and confidence of both teachers and schoolmates. Bright, apt, quick of perception, diligent in her studies, she ranked equally in her class with those of more favored homes and opportunities, and was a credit alike to her teachers, her school, and to the friends who kindly made provision for her during her school life.

In the school room she was a general favorite; in the home a loved and loving member of the family; and a great vacancy was felt when she went out from it in the fall of 1890. She returned to her native Alaska and began her first work as assistant teacher in the Sitka Industrial School, to which position she had been commissioned by the Woman's Board. She was successful from the first, the Alaskan boys and girls calling her "Our Miss Willard," because she was indeed one of their number, and they felt a certain proprietorship in her. To a discouraged pupil she would often say, "If I learned it, you can." The effect would invariably be renewed courage and a "try again." The Alaskans find it hard to say *R*, using an *L* instead. When Miss Willard's little class sang "Down the liver of life we glide," she insisted that it must be "river," not "liver," and over and over again they said, "We can't say it as you do, Miss Willard." "Yes, you can," she answered, "You know I learned to say it right, and you must."

Thus they looked up to her as an example of what was possible, and would sometimes ask, when making extra efforts, "Can I ever become

like Yonkitti Thlinkitti (our Thlinkit lady)?" That she was one of them, understanding the obstacles they must overcome, smoothing their prejudices, and not antagonizing them, gave her influence with her own people, and aided her greatly in her work as a class-room teacher as well as in the Sunday-school. For three years she did excellent service in the Sitka School; then for a time the work was set aside, but was taken up again in a spirit of deep humility, and with the consciousness that the Master Himself had called her again to work in His vineyard.

A teacher and interpreter being needed at Chilkat, Miss Willard was re-commissioned by the Woman's Board, and entered upon her new work in the spring of 1894. As a teacher she did excellent work, and as an interpreter she was almost invaluable to Rev. W. W. Warne, who had charge of the mission at Chilkat. The success which followed her efforts there can be told best by the following extracts from letters of the missionaries.

"God has poured out rich blessings upon us ever since Miss Willard came. I can see it and feel it every day; for our work, she is beyond all price."

"I know that you will be pleased to hear that a great revival has reached us, and that to all appearance a good work has resulted. It commenced about October, although there has been unabated interest which has gradually increased, ever since Miss Willard commenced interpreting a year and a half ago."

"Miss Willard spends about six hours each Sabbath in interpreting at our regular meetings which average two hours each, then between Sunday-school and evening service there is generally another hour devoted to callers to talk upon religious subjects; again after evening

meeting there is another hour, often two, devoted to the same, so that eleven or twelve o'clock is the usual hour for retiring on Sunday night."

In order that she could be more helpful to the natives in times of sickness, Miss Willard gave up her position at Chilkat and took a short course in a training school for nurses in Oakland, California.

In 1899 she was re-commissioned as assistant matron and scholarship correspondent at the Sitka Training School. Here she has proved herself most helpful. In the absence of the nurse of the Sitka Hospital, she had charge of the patients. Of her efficiency, Dr. Wilbur, the physician, wrote: "I cannot commend Miss Willard's work in the hospital too highly. She has shown much interest in the work and kept the house in excellent order and condition of cleanliness. With the patients she has an especially tender and gentle manner, so that they all seem very fond of her."

That a native Alaskan can become the efficient worker and helpful assistant that Miss Willard has proved herself to be is an added incentive to push the work forward, that more native helpers may be trained to the work of "Alaska for Christ."

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File

Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church.

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Penn'
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A Sketch

of the

Hydah

Mission.

53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Sketch of the Hydah Mission

On the southern part of Prince of Wales island, one of the many islands bordering the south eastern coast of Alaska, lives the native tribe of the Hydah. They are described as a large, well formed and handsome race, with lighter complexion than the other tribes. Their barbarity in war gained for them the appellation of the "Bulldogs" of the North Pacific, and they stand among the other tribes the recognized victors of battles, which were at one time frequent, but happily began to disappear when civilization commenced its work of reformation. That the commercial interests of an uncivilized and unchristian community are enhanced by the advent of missionaries, who teach by precept and example the principles of honesty and integrity, is strikingly shown among them. Before the influences of Christianity began to permeate the village, English and American ships were seized and robbed. At one time the captain and crew of a vessel were held as prisoners until ransomed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

Their villages are noted for the large number of totem poles, representing the tribal genealogy, and

are often seen standing at either side of the entrance of the house, one pole heralding the husband's ancestry and the other the wife's. They are sometimes used as the sepulcher for the ashes of dead chiefs who have been cremated after death. Again they are made to serve as an entrance to the house by making an oval opening through one of the large poles. They vary in size from one to two feet in diameter and twenty to sixty feet in height. One who has visited their houses describes one of the homes as "a large, low, plank building, from forty to fifty feet square, with a fireplace in the centre of the floor, and a large opening in the roof for the escape of smoke." The Hydah are skilled in carving, their ornaments and utensils of bone and wood, stone, silver and gold being famous.

While making his tour of inspection along the coast in 1877, Dr. Jackson spent some time on this island. The natives eagerly asked that a teacher might be sent to them. A mission was established in 1881, with Mr. James E. Chapman as teacher, at Howcan, since named Jackson by the missionaries, in compliment to Dr. Jackson, who has so vigorously worked for the redemption of the Alaskans. Rev. J. L. Gould was sent as a missionary the following year. He found a chief ready to open a large house for church and school purposes.

In the beginning everybody attended, as the Alaskans with no record of ages are slow to understand why the older men and women are not

able to learn as rapidly as the children. Fascinated by the intelligence and ability of the missionaries they were eager to be like them. It is not an unusual sight, odd as it may seem to us, to see a little one strapped to a board, in its mother's arms, or lying on the floor in a blanket, while the mother is reciting her lesson.

The first two years were full of frontier experiences, for the missionaries who were disappointed in procuring lumber for building purposes, but with true pioneer ingenuity they went to the forests, felled trees and constructed with poles, shakes and puncheons, buildings for the church and school, also a dwelling.

In the autumn of 1886 Mrs. A. R. McFarland, that brave hearted woman who was the first missionary to Alaska, and courageously began the first work alone at Fort Wrangel, went to Jackson to establish a "Home for boys and girls." No time was lost in again bringing into play the acquired skill of the carpenter, and necessary buildings were soon made ready for this department. A disastrous fire three years later robbed the mission of this much-needed home. The thirty girls from it were sheltered in the carpenter shop, which for two years shielded them. With accustomed rapidity the ministerial mechanic was again busily engaged at the trade the Master honored by following himself. The fast-approaching Alaskan winter hurried the workers on lest the faithful pastor and his family might be found unprovided for it. The Home was again

HYDAH WAR CANOE.

rebuilt, but sore was the disappointment when it became evident that for lack of sufficient funds to maintain it admission must be denied the boys. A promising class of girls was rapidly developing into womanhood, but still the work was only half done. Generous friends soon came forward and gave money for the enlargement of the work, thereby making it possible to admit the neglected boys. Now they receive with these sisters spiritual, mental and industrial training. The tourists who throng Alaska in summer, carrying cheer and help to other mission stations, thereby breaking the monotony and giving the missionaries a glimpse of the outside world, never startle our faithful *coterie* at Jackson. The Prince of Wales island is one hundred and fifty miles from the main coast and two hundred miles from the direct steamer course. Once or twice a year provisions are sent on a steamer, but all other communication is made by means of native canoes. The sight of the mail carrier, which sends a thrill throughout one's body as he stands with outstretched hand holding the long-looked-for letter, is a pleasure never granted Hydah missionaries, for their letters must lay over at Fort Wrangel to await the native carrier who goes for them by canoe. This is a trip which entails spending many nights on land and "beaching the boat," as it is called. Severe snow and hail storms are often encountered, which makes letter carrying there not the pleasurable task letter reading is. All these hardships and inconveniences which the missionaries endure are

cheerfully borne for the privilege of telling to the people about them "the old, old story of Jesus and his love." The joy of such a service is told by Mr. Gould who says: "We have seen some put off the blanket for civilized garb, get out of the herd in the 'lodge' for a cottage and family Christian home; break away from the chief's rule and assert American individuality; turn from the tricks and incantations of witches and 'Shamans,' and abandon superstition for belief. Debauchery has at Hydah given place to teetotalism."

The changes which have come about have not been the result of any rapid progress or sudden overthrow of old customs and habits. The power of a consistent life among the natives has shown them the result of accepting the gospel. They have watched the missionaries; have observed their daily lives and seen wherein they could be like them. A marked change has come about in the marriages, which of old were often very unsuitable. A young man would marry a woman old enough to be his grandmother, while girls would take husbands of three score years, these being questions which were settled by tribal customs; but now the missionaries are frequently asked to give advice, and gradually matches have become more natural. The old commonal houses have given way to neat cottages where the home life is held to be sacred. The influence of the young people is being felt among the old, who have been hard to reach. Now, however, they are coming to church and are eager listeners.

One old chief who was formerly satisfied to have his wife and children go to school and church, has now become a regular attendant at the Sabbath services and week night prayer meeting, and has said: "Every day a little more light is coming, and by and by I think I will be strong to stand up and let my people know my heart."

Chief Skult-kah, who so willingly gave his house for the use of the mission when it was established, and was always its loyal friend, has recently died. He was among the first to be baptized, and during his lingering illness from consumption gave evidence of the sincerity of the profession he made.

The good work goes on encouragingly at this promising point, and as we enlarge the contributions, proportionately can it be advanced. The ready co-operation of all is needed that the progress may not be retarded, but more marked in the future than it has been in the past. The fields are "already white to the harvest," and shall we not thrust the sickle in and gather the ripened grain?

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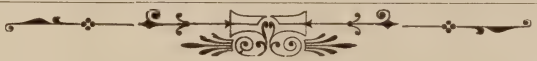
1894

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps, which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to MISS S. F. LINCOLN, 53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church.

53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Our Northernmost Possessions



BY JESSIE W. RADCLIFFE.

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Our Northernmost Possessions.

BY JESSIE W. RADCLIFFE.

It was in 1867 that Secretary Seward recommended the purchase of Alaska from Russia. Every sort of absurd name was suggested for it, among others, Seward's Folly. Fortunately, its original native name, Al-ev-ek-sa or Alaska, was retained and its significance, "The Great Land," is but beginning to be appreciated. This great land is as large as all the New England and Middle States, with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky and Tennessee combined; as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Georgia and the Carolinas, or nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. It will help us to think of this great country in three divisions, like ancient Gaul, southeastern or Sit-kan Alaska, where the greater part of the English speaking natives live, and through whose numerous islands only, does the tourist sail; Western or Aleutian Alaska, which includes the Seal Islands of which we hear so much, and Arctic Alaska.

The coast line, singularly indented, is twice as long as that of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards combined; nearly equal to the circumference of the earth, while, stretching as it does to the northwest toward Siberia, the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands is as far west of San Francisco as that city is west of Cape Cod.

Its greatest river, the Yukon, is as long as the Amazon; its mountains tower above Pike's Peak, Mt. St. Elias being the highest peak on the continent, and include many active and extinct volcanoes.

Like England, Alaska is rescued from the desolation of the northland by a gulf stream, called the Japan current, which sweeping over from the warm islands of

Asia, blesses the land. The mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as that of Georgia, while in summer it is the same as that of Detroit.

Arctic Alaska has, of course, intense cold. The staple products of this land are not as was so often said in derision at the time of the purchase, "polar bears and icebergs," but furs, gold, silver, marble, coal, copper, rivers full of salmon, promising a commercial future of magnitude.

It is a singular fact that the Greek Church has left so little impression after one hundred years of supremacy. It is a curious fact too, that in 1793, when Catherine, Empress of Russia, commanded her missionaries to go to Alaska to instruct the natives in religion, she also ordered convicts shipped from Siberia to teach them agriculture.

The outrages of these unscrupulous men and the traders who preceded them, are unspeakable. In ten years the number of natives was reduced one half; their lives were valued no more than those of dogs, and spirit and life were nearly stamped out of the remainder. The Russian proverb that "Heaven is high and the Czar distant," was the encouragement of these horrors.

The Greek priests could not stem the tide—few of them tried. There are some noble exceptions, one, Bishop Veniaminoff, filled with real missionary fervor, did great things for the natives, until, his ability making him conspicuous, he was called back to Russia to be made Metropolitan of Moscow.

The priests multiplied schools, in most of which, however, little but the rites of the Greek church and the Russian language were taught, and in which the white and half-breed children made up the list, the Indian attendance not being encouraged. Finns, Swedes and Germans being largely employed by the fur companies, in 1845 a Lutheran missionary was sent to them by Russia, but he did not teach the natives.

When, in 1867, the flag of Russia was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes floated instead, the Russian schools and churches were for the most part closed, the Russians and other Europeans returned to Europe, leaving a people corrupted and degraded by their influence.

The Lutheran preacher departed with his flock, a few United States soldiers were placed in former Russian

forts, new sets of equally vicious traders began their work, the newspapers exhausted themselves in sarcasm and condemnation of the new territory, the Church of Christ everywhere forgot that Alaska was part of "the whole world" covered by the divine commission, and the Great Land was left in darkness, without law, government, teachers, preachers, schools or charities.

No one thinks to-day of asking if the annexation were a good thing for the United States.

Financially it was a Yankee bargain. The capital invested—$7,200,000—has all been paid back in annual dividends which are increasing every year, and the United States Treasury itself has drawn usurious interest from its investment.

Politically and strategically, its purchase was a stroke of sagacious statesmanship.

Had this not been conceded before, the facts of the Behring Sea controversy, with its Arbitration Committees, composed of some of the best minds of England and America, would prove the importance of that one corner of Alaska in the eyes of governments.

The question from the Christian standpoint is, Has the annexation been a good thing for Alaska? It would seem that a land which became ours by voluntary purchase, brought to the nation a peculiar responsibility; yet the half light of Russian rule was better than the total darkness which followed.

For seventeen years Congress neglected to provide any form of civil government, checking all progress and healthy development.

It was the prodigious growth of the Northwest, tales of gold discovery in Alaska, and last but not least, the work of our own noble missionaries, which indicated the wisdom of Seward and eventually shamed the United States into an attempted assumption of its duty.

The present geographical and scientific knowledge of Alaska has been largely gained through the pioneer church, as is so often the case.

Those who know whereof they speak tell us that a revolution in Northern Alaska would be far more justifiable than that of '76, for our wrongs were a trifle compared to theirs. The work of the bloodthirsty Spaniard in Mexico and Peru is being enacted to-day in Alaska by Americans. Were these Eskimos not what they

are, a nation of children, they would have rebelled 'ere this at the rapacity of American commerce, taking everything from them and leaving nothing but what is deplorable.

Is it not a tragic fact that abused and demoralized natives, refuse and spurn the cup of salvation, because it is offered by white hands?

It is only by persistent Christian and educational work, the government and the church working hand in hand, that help may come, and these poor creatures learn that all white men are not bad men.

To-day, although the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by government, traders come in schooners fitted out in San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands with cargoes of whiskey labeled "Florida Water," "Bay Rum," "Pain Killer," or "Jamaica Ginger," to sell at exorbitant rates, to the natives, for furs, ivory and whalebone.

On one island, called St. Lawrence, after such a visit a few years ago, the whole summer was spent in idleness and drunkenness, instead of preparation for the winter, with the result that of the population of four hundred, every man, woman and child had frozen or starved to death before the winter was past. And this is but one of dozens of similar authenticated cases. If this seems incredible, I refer to government reports from which I gained the facts.

The first organized Christian work in Alaska was begun by an Alaskan.

Educated and brought to Christ in a Methodist Mission in British America, where he had gone for work, he returned some years later to Fort Wrangell, in Alaska, to cut wood, for, unlike our native Indians, the Alaskan is a willing laborer.

Wrangell, a military trading post, was a centre of immorality and ignorance. With few exceptions the white men were of the lowest type, had brought and taught vice of all kinds, introduced liquor and led the Indians in diabolical orgies and inhumanities.

Philip, for so was the Indian called, an apostle chosen of God to his kindred, turned an old dance-room into a schoolroom and preaching place. We learn how the commandant of the Fort protected him; how the few decent whites, too timid or indifferent to have started

such work themselves, rallied around him, how discouraging for a long time were the fruitless efforts of all, including the Christian wives of some Army officers, to interest, to the extent of practical aid, the people "down below."

Inseparable as the name of Carey with India, or Eliot and Brainard with the Indian in the East, is the name of Sheldon Jackson with Alaska. Sent by the church to investigate the needs, and to return before navigation closed, he felt he could not take the hungry souls up there nothing but promises; he must take with him and leave some one ready for instant self-sacrifice.

That one was a woman, Mrs. A. R. McFarland; she went on five days' notice, having been trained to conquer emergencies in twenty years missionary labor, and already consecrated to her work by bereavement and sorrow. She consented cheerfully to remain alone on the Alaskan coast, the one missionary in Alaska, the sole representative of the 30,000,000 Protestants of the United States.

These two arrived at Wrangell in time to take the work from the dying hands of the Indian Philip. Then Dr. Jackson must return, and that brave woman, the only Christian white woman in the country, with an Indian woman as interpreter, with twenty-seven books, no school house, and the probability of a boat from below once a month, began Christ's work in Alaska.

The military force had been withdrawn, so she was left, with a few whites and a thousand Indians, in a place without law or order.

She became nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, practically mayor and administrator generally, for all came to her, and burdened almost beyond endurance she kept writing for help, for a magistrate of some sort, or an ordained minister. Such a thing as a marriage ceremony was unknown, polygamy common, and domestic complications appalling. Tribes around began to hear of her and came for help. One old Indian of a distant tribe came and said: "Me much sick at heart, my people all dark heart, nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by, my people all die and go down —dark, dark!

The young girls especially appealed to her care. It is thrilling to read how she fought to save them from

being sold by their parents to white scoundrels; how she rescued two girls from the horrors of the devil dance, how, finding them bound, naked, in the centre of fifty, dancing, frantic fiends, who with yells cut them with knives and tore off pieces of their flesh, she rushed into the midst, and after hours of pleadings and threatening with the wrath of the United States, she took off the half-dead girls to her own house, only to have one of them recaptured and killed during the night.

Finally, aid came, through the strenuous effort of Dr. Jackson. The fearful year of lonely work was at an end, though the work was but begun. Mrs. McFarland has since done similar pioneer work further north, where she is still living.

The mission at Sitka was established this same year, and a growing interest and support has followed such heroic beginnings.

In 1885 a small appropriation was made to start a public school system for all, without reference to race. This, a comparatively simple matter where railway lines and stage roads lend their aid, was a tremendous undertaking in this large land, with no public conveyance save a monthly steamer in the southeast corner, the only means of transportation being by log or skin canoe, and necessitating tens of thousands of miles of such travel, the future schools to be from one hundred to one thousand miles apart, their teachers to receive mail thrice, twice, or once a year, as the case might be, the school to be English, though those to be taught knew no English (fancy our children taught through the medium of Chinese teachers and books, and you have a parallel case). To plan all this required some one with knowledge of the ground and dialects, and it was fitting that Dr. Sheldon Jackson should be made General Agent of Education in Alaska, and it is seen at once that few teachers, unless inspired with some motive higher than salary would give themselves to such work.

Dr. Jackson's crowning work has been the establishment of a school and mission at Pt. Barrow, the extreme northern point of land in United States, and within twenty-five miles of the northernmost point of Greenland. In twenty years over one hundred vessels have

een wrecked on this dangerous coast, casting ashore undreds of men to find no subsistence.

This led the United States Government to establish a Refuge Station here, and now there clusters about it a village of thirty families, living in houses partly built under ground, the roofs supported by rafters of whale jaws and ribs.

The Government refused to assume the whole charge of a school here, though it would aid any missionary organization which would undertake it. To churches of all names did Dr. Jackson go, but all refused. Finally, through the noble gift of Mrs. Margaret Vanderbilt Shephard, this school was established in 1890 and placed under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

The first teacher left his wife and children in Ohio, while he entered on a two years' exile, hearing from home but once or twice a year. Beginning with three pupils, he soon had forty, enthusiastic and ambitious to learn to "make the paper talk," and delighted when they had mastered the first word—r-a-t, rat—which, to his amusement, he found written all over the neighborhood with stick or finger, in frost and snow, in letters small and large.

Think what it is to those hungry minds to have occupation during the long Arctic night, which lasts from November to February.

The introduction of the domesticated reindeer of Siberia into Alaska is a project of Dr. Jackson's. The aim is to help the Eskimos in their direextremity, brought about by the destruction of their native food products by the white man. This year is showing the first beneficent results of what was thought almost an absurdity, and laughed at by ignorant Congressmen and flippant newspaper editors, as being about equal to sending palm leaf fans to Africa, or red flannel petticoats to India.

It is a pleasant probability to contemplate that from this furthest point of Alaska the Gospel will eventually penetrate into Siberia. No establishment of missions is permitted by the Russian Government, but the Alaskans, who mingle with the Siberians and speak the same language, will carry the good news—a happy return of good for evil, as we remember the misery brought to those shores by Catherine's loads of Russian convicts.

We must pay a tribute to the self-denying work of the Moravians in Arctic Alaska—that noble church, which asks and takes the hardest work everywhere—and while we as a church have the right to be proud of our work in Alaska—the pioneer work and to-day the most extensive and successful–yet we must remember that workers of all names have followed in our footsteps, and are giving their lives, too, for the elevation of the Great Land.

When I was asked to prepare this paper on Alaska, one reason given was that I had "been there." This fact itself made me more timorous.

The conventional tourist trip of twelve days from Portland serves but to impress one with the lack of time and opportunity for study, be it of missions or glaciers. The mind is simply filled with a succession of marvelous panoramic pictures.

There float before me visions of terraces of green, snow-capped mountains piercing the sky; of far away shimmering cascades; of vast forests as impenetrable, as inscrutable as the face of the sphynx, and musical with unseen waterfalls; of enchanted islands, lovely and lonely enough to be the prison of some Indian Lady of Shallot; skies of azure, of amber, of palest greens, of reds so bold and gorgeous that the ice fields blush; of strange icebergs in every conceivable shape and size. like the work of some mighty Venetian glass-blower, white, green, every shade and tint of cerulean blue, all hurrying down past us, to melt away in the warm current as the few clouds of a summer day fade and disappear.

I see the glaciers, miles wide, standing like huge frozen sentinels at the mouths of frozen rivers whose extent no man knows, moving slowly, imperceptibly, in the majestic march of the ages, and seeming in thundering tones, as the icebergs drop from their great sides, to rebuke the chatter of the impertinent tourist who snaps his kodak at them.

Another thundering now, of man's device not nature's cannonade, as innumerable machines crush the mighty rocks to powder, at the gold mines on Douglass Island. Little yellow bubbles rise to the surface of hissing pans, and tell us that man's mind and cunning ingenuity can make the everlasting hills, themselves, pay tribute.

Pictures of strange little towns come to mind, nestling at the foot of precipitous mountains; of piers thronged with all sorts and conditions of men; of lines of Indian women in gay blankets, squatting on the ground selling fantastic baskets; horrid old witch-like faces, with the lip ring accentuating their ugliness; here a brown face of real sweetness, beaming with pride as the group of "fin de siecle" tourists pet her baby, and—yes, for this is so everywhere—snap their cameras in her face.

I see the group of tourists, themselves, from all parts of the Union; the English globe-trotters, one a woman of seventy, who walks more and sees more every time, than any one else; the numerous women making collections of souvenir spoons, losing all manner of characteristic sights as they rush to buy the silver spoon, made in New York or San Francisco. All these pervading the village like a new atmosphere, gazing up at the totem poles, the genealogical tree of the tribe or family.

I see the inquisitive Yankee, who pulls a slat off the column containing the ashes of the dead. I see the happy girl who buys a silver bangle "right off the woman's arm, her own bracelet, you know; isn't it lovely?" and as soon as her back is turned another bangle is on the same arm, ready for the next purchaser. The typical New Yorker, on his return from a trip around the world, is talking Japanese, Chinese, French, German, Arabian, everything, at a hideous old woman whose lip ring he finally succeeds in buying.

The sharp whistle of the steamer wakes the echoes and warns us that hours have flown. The missionary bids us good bye, for we find one or more of our own wherever we go, and we leave behind with him bundles of papers and books and magazines collected on the steamer.

There is the usual loud talking man on board, he who obtains his information on the "state of religion" and of missionary work from a lounger on the dock, who is only too glad to fill him up with lies or, what is worse and more dangerous, half truths. He will probably publish in the columns of some confiding paper or magazine what he learned from this source, tinctured with rum and Romanism, under the title, "Missions a Failure, from Personal Observation."

There is excitement on board, for we leave behind us one of our firemen, arrested for selling whiskey to the Indians. We trust six months in jail will cure him of such abominable traffic.

And now comes a vision of beauty, as we near Sitka, its harbor and bay suggesting the famous bay of Naples.

Four men-of-war are lying at anchor, one having just brought in as prisoner a ship caught killing seal out of season. Every loyal American heart throbs at the sight of the flying stars and stripes, and the blue naval uniform and our Jack Tar, of whom the town is full. There is a strangely sophisticated group of women on the pier, who prove to be the wives of naval officers, who have followed their husbands here, and help to make, with the missionaries, a delightful little colony. Out of our two hundred passengers there are naturally some acquaintances, and unexpected and welcome meetings take place, and there are tears and homesick faces when we leave the next day.

We notice other uniforms, very plain and neat, and soon learn that the wearers are Indian boys from our school, detailed to escort all who wish over the town and out to the school.

We gladly follow a bright handsome boy through the neat streets, with the quaint low-roofed white houses, along the beach road, and we soon see the flag floating from the roof of the school.

The effort made to train these boys, not only into pure, good living and into Christian life and practice, but to make them intelligent, loyal American citizens, is most commendable.

What an object lesson, what an inspiration that visit becomes! There is no flaw to pick here. Through school rooms and dormitories, so clean and plain; through the shops where all manual occupations were taught (the boys even catch and salt down the fish for winter's use), through the little hospital we go, where are some dusky sufferers, and into the museum where are native curiosities of all kinds with relics of the devil worship and the awful reign of the shaman or medicine man.

As we learn of the pitiful lack of ordinary knowledge and care of the body among the natives, we wonder

that with other drawbacks the race has survived at all, and are once more convinced that the healing of body and soul must go together. He who on earth hath made the lame to walk and the blind to see, who raised the dying and the dead, would have it so, and such work cannot fail of His blessing.

We see the modest little cottage homes, material for which are given to any Christian young couple starting in their new life. Each of these homes is a text, a sermon, and an application in itself to Alaskans, for hundreds of miles around.

No one present can ever forget that prayer meeting of native Christians. There were those who went from curiosity alone and to be entertained, but all who "went to scoff remained to pray."

As one after another, old and young, men and women and children, in quiet earnest tones, rose and talked to God with a child's unconsciousness, every eye filled, though we could understand but one name, which like a perfume was in all, Jesus, the name above all names.

All this was the best thing in Alaska, although there were good people on the "Queen," who were too busy buying curios to find it out. At the extreme other end of town is the Indian Ranche, where live the unchristianized natives—a noisy, dirty place, a speaking contrast and a painful one as we realized how this boarding school began, seven ambitious Alaskan boys coming to the day school and begging to be allowed to stay and sleep on the floor, for in the noise and rioting of the Ranche they could not study or keep good.

As we walked back to the village and saw the great extinct volcano towering up back of the dome of the Greek church, and as, in the church, the one priest left showed us the "holy of holies," the gorgeous robes, all embroidered with gold and jewels, and the few art treasures left when Russia sold Alaska, there seemed a curious analogy between that dead mountain and that dead church with only relics in its heart. A warmth and glow filled us as we thought of "a green hill far away, without a city wall," whence emanated the Spirit, ever living, throbbing, working, of Christ himself, the impetus to self-sacrifice, which has always sent and will always send men and women to the wilderness, to the distant islands of the sea, into literal

hells on earth, if perchance, they may help to save the souls of men.

The long twilight suited our mood, for it was but twilight at midnight, and the next night, when we were further north, there was no real darkness, the sun sinking to rest but for an hour behind an illuminated cloud bank, then rising again. It suggested thoughts of that world where there shall be "no night, where there shall be no need of a candle, nor of the light of the sun, for the Lord God will give them light and they shall reign forever and ever."

Only the fringe of this great land of Alaska has been enlightened by the knowledge of Christ. Pray and help, that the Sun of Righteousness may arise, with healing in his wings.

1894

Price, two cents each, $1.75 per hundred

WOMEN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF HOME MISSIONS

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

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1882

THE THLINKET BAND.

BY MRS. E. L. G.

"Mamma, Mrs. Williams has just received some curiosities from Alaska, and she says she will show them to us, and tell us something about the Indians who made them, this afternoon. Won't that be nice? You are willing to have me go?" eagerly inquired Ella Green as she hung her satchel on its hook and prepared for dinner.

"Yes, I shall be glad to have you learn about the people and the work that is being done among them. Mrs. Williams is very kind."

In other homes, also, the attractive invitation was accepted as soon as given; and, at the appointed hour, Jennie and Madge, Bessie, Estelle and Mary and Ella were ready, after a loving welcome from their teacher, Mrs. Williams, to listen, as she began to talk:

"My dear girls, I am very glad you wish to hear what I can tell you about Alaska, and I hope you will become so interested in the work that the missionaries are doing there that you will be glad to help them."

"Oh, Mrs. Williams, how can *we* help them?"

"I shall leave that for you to discover," said the lady, pleasantly. "I think I will begin by telling you something about the country. I fancy you are not quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as a clerk in a post-office in another city, where one of my friends resides. She took a large package to the office, and handed it to the principal clerk, who read the direction, Miss Fannie Kellogg, Sitka, Alaska, and returned it to the owner, saying, 'We do not send packages to *foreign* countries.'"

The young girls laughed gleefully, and asked what the lady said to him.

"She remarked, quietly, 'I think you have forgotten that Alaska is on this continent, and is now one of our Territories. You will have no trouble in sending it.' The young man, no doubt, studied the map of his own country afterward, and perhaps *we* had better look over the map of Alaska before we get into our 'talk.'"

A large map was laid on the table, around which the eager group gathered.

"Why, it seems to be a very large country," said Bessie; "I did not know it extended to the Arctic Ocean."

"It is a great country, as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi, after cutting off the Gulf States. The word Alaska means 'a great country.'"

"The whole shore is fringed with islands," said Mary.

"Yes; and nearly all the white settlers live on those islands. If you observe, here is Fort Wrangel, there is Sitka, up there is Haines; it is about those places principally, or the work done there, that I have most to tell you," said Mrs. W.

"Is it not fearfully cold up there?" asked Jennie.

"Not on the islands; even as far north as Cook's Inlet," which she pointed out, "the summers are very pleasant, beginning early in May and coming on rapidly. The people can have fine vegetable gardens, and beautiful flowers—many grow wild, dotting the land with their beauty. Indeed, the climate compares favorably with that of New York, and on through Pennsylvania and Virginia."

"It does not seem possible, it is so far north," said Bessie.

"Isn't the reason because the shore is washed by the warm Pacific?" inquired Ella.

Mrs. Williams saw something in Mary's face that made her say:

"That has something to do with it, but does not explain the true reason. Mary looks as if she had solved the mystery; will you tell us what you think, my dear?"

The young girl's color came prettily as she replied:

"Is it because of the warm current from those islands east of Asia?"

"Yes. From Japan there flows through the ocean a stream of warm water—it might be called the western gulf stream by us—and, as it sweeps around the shore of Alaska and among the islands, it produces a delightful effect on the climate, thus making what might be an inhospitable region most comfortable; some day, not long hence, it will be desirable to thousands.

"I am glad to hear that; it would be miserable to be frozen up there six months in the year—ugh," said Jennie, with a pretty little shiver.

"You may reserve your sympathies on that point for the Chilcat missionaries," said Mrs. Williams.

"But here on the map it looks as if the country were very mountainous; I don't see how it can be so pleasant up there," said Bessie.

"The country around Sitka is extremely mountainous, and the largest portion is covered with dense forests. Further northeast there are extensive prairies, covered with fine grass. In the mountains are gold and silver, copper and lead mines; also coal has been found in large quantities. There are boiling and mineral springs in the vicinity of the grandest glaciers in the world. Above and beyond these fluctuate and flash, roll and waver and scintillate the finest aurora. Here, too, are the highest volcanoes in the United States. In its waters are found the greatest variety and quantity of fish. So you see Alaska is really a very *promising* country," said Mrs. Williams, smiling.

"Mrs. Williams, I hope they have fruit there," said Jennie.

Madge laughed.

"That is one of Jennie's comforts."

"Now, Madge, you know fruit and flowers and pleasant things are just as much *your* comfort as any one's," said Jennie, reproachfully.

"I *could* live without them; but is there any fruit in that country, Mrs. Williams?"

"Yes; there is an abundance of wild berries—strawberries, blackberries, blueberries, gooseberries, and other kinds. Great quantities of wild cranberries grow there, and are gathered and sent to San Francisco every fall," said Mrs. Williams, who then brought from a cabinet a small portfolio, which, as she seated herself, she opened on her lap.

"I have been able to collect a few pictures of prominent scenes and places which will enable you to realize what a wonderful country came into our possession when it was purchased by our Government."

"How long ago was that?"

"About fifteen years; and after it came into our possession all of the

Russian teachers and some of the priests were withdrawn. Their property, except in mines, was mostly movable, and their principal business in furs and fisheries, so that when they had gathered up their individual possessions, there was comparatively little to leave. Sitka was the center of business, and in it was the Cathedral (you know theirs is the Greek Church, which differs little from the Roman Catholic) and a number of schools. The proud nobles, who had been sent at different times by the Czars of Russia to govern this province, lived there. A large mansion, called the 'Castle,' was their residence. They had a fort, also, and a great number of ships stopped at these ports. You see the former owners thought much of Alaska. The cathedral was their most costly church. In it was a solid silver chandelier and costly altar cloths, draperies, ornaments and pictures."

For ten years after we became the owners, Alaska was left to drift back into barbarism. The Greek Church had made several thousand converts, but when its schools were abandoned, its priests withdrawn, and the whites had nearly all left, few influences for good remained. Many entreaties from ministers and military men, who knew the great want of teachers and missionaries, and also from Christian natives, were made to the churches; but, although some effort was made by individuals, and appeals published in the papers, nothing was accomplished until at length, in 1876, several Christian Indians went to Fort Wrangel to obtain work, which they secured from the Government. They immediately began a Sabbath-school in an old house, and had many scholars, young and old. Philip McKay was the Christian Indian who was the leader in this good work, and after it was taken up by others he was retained as teacher. Thus we see God can and will often use humble instruments to do his work, if those who ought, do not respond to his call. This service, held by these converted heathens, was the beginning of Protestant missions in the Territory."

Very wisely now, in order to freshen the interest of her young audience, Mrs. Williams took up the photographs. "Here is one of Philip McKay himself, not a very fine picture, but see how good and respectable he looks—not like a wild Indian—you see. Then here is one of Mrs. A. R. McFarland, of whom I must tell you later; and of Miss Kellogg, now Mrs. Young; and of Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., of Oregon; and of Mrs. Austin, at Sitka; and Miss Dunbar, now Mrs. J. W. McFarland, and Dr. Corlies, and Mrs. Willard, that writes such interesting letters. Pass them around girls. Here are some others."

"Oh!" said Mary, "I know this one. Why it is Dr. Sheldon Jackson. Please excuse me for interrupting you. It looks just like him, only not so tired as when I heard him lecture at the Presbyterian Church down where grandpa lives. He told us a great deal about Utah."

"Such talks, or preachings, or whatever they are, are so *poky*," said Jennie, with her characteristic shrug.

"Oh, you would not think so if you could hear Dr. Jackson. He keeps you interested every minute, and when he stops you are glad you had a chance to learn so many things about that part of our country," said Mary, earnestly.

"He is the minister who has worked so hard in a missionary way for Alaska, isn't he, Mrs. W.?" inquired Bessie.

"Yes; in 1877, I think, after consulting ministers in Oregon he visited Alaska, and became deeply interested in it. He has been there several times, and has done more than any one else to furnish valuable information, secure missionaries, erect buildings, raise the money for the same, and arouse an interest in establishing missions among its degraded tribes."

"Now let me tell you about Mrs. A. R. McFarland, whom I am sure you will admire for her courage and devotion. This lady with her husband was a home missionary for many years. He had finished his faithful service and received his crown, but she was waiting for more work among the perishing heathen, and gladly embraced the opportunity to go to Fort Wrangel, where she would find all the work her large Christian heart craved. Dr. Jackson and Mrs. McFarland reached Fort Wrangel in August, 1877. Some of the earlier letters I received from that region are not here, but my memory will serve me, I think, for some facts and incidents. As they walked down the street they saw a man ringing a hand-bell, as he walked back and forth before an old house. Inquiring why he rang, they were told it was the hour for school. This was the school of Clah, or to give him his English name, Philip. Here the faithful fellow endeavored to teach those who would come, old or young, to read and sing, and told them the wonderful story of the Cross. Mrs. McFarland took charge of the school, and retained Clah for an assistant. The scarcity of books were a great drawback. There were only three or four primers, not more Bibles and hymn-books; perhaps a few more first readers. The people, young and old, seemed crazy to learn, and Mrs. McFarland soon had all that she could do. And now that you have seen the work really taken up, let me introduce you"—Mrs. W. held up the picture.

"What a pleasant face!" "How motherly she looks!" "I am sure I should like her!" "How I wish we could hear her talk!" were some of the exclamations of the now thoroughly interested girls.

"You would like to know something about the character and habits of the Indians she went there to benefit, would you not?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Williams, you know we came here to hear and *see*," said Ella, laughingly.

"All in good time," said Mrs. W., pleasantly, understanding the emphasis; "you have heard, but not exactly what you wished, I fear."

"Indeed we have; we've been very much interested, haven't we, girls?" This appeal was warmly responded to, and she smilingly resumed: "There are, I think, eight or ten principal tribes, Southeast Alaska, which are again divided into smaller tribes, and these into families. Each family has its coat of arms, or, as they call it, 'totem.' The families of one tribe have for their totems the wolf, whale, eagle, etc., and these badges or emblems are marked on their houses, their canoes, and everything else of consequence. The different tribes have two or three chiefs. One is head chief, and therefore more distinguished. Every chief's house has its pole planted in front. The length of the pole tells their rank; the longer the pole the higher the rank. I was told of one chief who put a finely carved and ornamented pole in front of his house that was much higher than his rank permitted, and the result was a war between them, and the ambitious chief was wounded, which made him shorten his pole in a hurry. So you see these degraded savages are as tenacious of their dignity as civilized rulers are of theirs."

"They show out human nature, don't they?" said Ella.

"Yes, indeed," responded Madge. "But oh! dear, Mrs. Williams, there is so much in human nature, even when civilized, that is contemptible, that one almost wishes to disown any part in it."

The young group laughed gaily at Madge's melancholy estimate.

"Dear Madge, could you realize the degradation of these poor Indians, you would think that there is much even in *civilized* human nature, without Christianity, that is most desirable," said Mrs. Williams.

"Oh! I know there is. My! I didn't mean to cut us all off from respect,"

said Madge in some confusion; "but, Mrs. Williams, don't you think even good people might be more noble if they tried hard enough?"

"There is no question of that my dear, and one way to ennoble our hearts is by losing sight of self, and trying to do what we can in the best way for those who are in need of our help, and so can you wonder that I want *these* dear young hearts I so love to go out in pity and desire towards these poor benighted Indians—not only Alaska tribes, but wherever any are found who are without knowledge of the true God?"

"Why, that would make us all teachers, and *that* isn't our work," said Jennie, a little disconcerted. She felt quite unconcerned during the first part of Mrs. Williams' remarks. She would never go out to the Indians, or have anything to do with them, of course; but when the work might be at her door the responsibility was too uncomfortable a matter to be even thought of—it must belong to some one else. How very like her older sisters.

"Ah, Jennie, our dear Lord said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'"

Jennie shrugged her shoulders, turned over a pillow and replied cheerfully:

"I suppose there's a world of the *noble* in those words, and when I'm a woman I'll learn to act them, maybe."

"Begin *now*, dear, and you will be prepared to do nobler things when you are a woman. I expect real help from all of you, and I am almost sure of it, too," said Mrs. Williams, with a loving glance around the young circle, and looking down into Mary's eyes, saw there what made her feel sure that one young heart was in sympathy with her in this matter.

They were startled by the ringing of the tea bell.

"Tea time, and I have told you very little about the missionaries; but when you come again we will have a more interesting talk. Come next Saturday, and stay until after tea, will you?" said Mrs. Williams, cordially.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" "Thanks!" "Gladly?" "Only too happy, if you will take so much trouble for us!" "Wouldn't miss it for anything!" chimed the young voices, while Mary's glowing eyes told what her tongue did not utter.

"Then I will be ready for you. Come early, and we will have a good time I hope, dear children."

Wraps were donned, kisses exchanged, a chorus of good-byes from the youthful group, who glided out into the twilight chatting pleasantly about what they had heard and their anticipated visit.

PART II.

At an early hour the six youug girls appeared promptly at Mrs. Williams', who greeted them warmly in her genial, motherly way. Wrappings were soon disposed of, and as they entered the parlor several articles on a stand at once attracted their attention.

"Mrs. Williams, are these the curiosities?" asked Ella.

"Yes; these are the articles that were sent to me by missionary friends from Fort Wrangel and Sitka, and are the work of the Indians."

"Is it possible they make such fine, beautiful baskets, the *wild* Indians?" asked Bessie.

"Yes; and fine and delicate as some of them are, they are water-proof. This large one will hold nearly a half bushel, and was used by some family to cook their food in," said Mrs. W., taking a large round basket from the floor.

"*Cook in!* how can it be possible?"

"Why, it would *burn.*"

"Not over a *blaze,* really?"

"Our Dick would say, 'that is a stretcher,'" said Estelle. Mrs. Williams laughed.

"It does not at first seem like stretching, to quote Dick. These baskets can be doubled, folded and crumpled, without breaking a strand or injuring the colors."

The girls tried the experiment, and were astonished at the pliability and strength of the material.

"Please tell us how they cook in this one," said Mary, holding up the one referred to.

"It was partly filled with water into which red-hot stones were dropped; the water was thus made to boil, and thus their fish and other food was cooked."

"Why, how funny; it must have tasted horrid," said Jennie.

"You don't fancy that wild Indians know or care about the delicacy and delights of French cookery, do you Jen.?" said Madge, banteringly.

"Nor extension tables and French china. How do you suppose they set their tables, dear? Iron kettles are generally used by them now; and after the food is cooked, the kettle is set where the family can squat around it, each one dipping his spoon in; and if it is a large one, it is passed along, every one taking a mouthful, and then it is dipped full again," explained Mrs. Williams.

"Poor things," said Mary pityingly.

"Horrid!" said Jennie, in disgust.

"The prospect isn't very inviting, but it is far less revolting than many other customs of which I shall tell you. This is one of their spoons," taking a large horn spoon from the collection. "It is an old one, and has been much used."

"How nicely it is carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, isn't it?"

"What is the spoon part made of?"

"Horn."

"And what is this black handle?"

"Horn, colored, I suppose."

"Bessie, this is a head with a long ornament on top, that makes the handle," said Estelle.

"Yes; and look, here is a *tongue* hanging out of the mouth, ready to lap; girls, do you see?" said Bessie.

"That is queer, but appropriate for them," said Ella. "They do much that would be strange to us, and beautiful, too. They now make a great many household utensils out of the horns of the wild goat and from ivory. Here is a fork and ladle; the fork is ivory," said Mrs. W.

"They do such *nice* work; this carving is beautiful," said Estelle.

Mary inquired about a comb, which she thought quaint, and fine enough for a civilized lady to wear.

"Yes, indeed; the work on the top is beautiful; I wish mamma had one," said Bessie admiringly.

"It would be pretty for your ebony cabinet, Bessie, but your elegant mamma would not adorn her head with it," said Jennie.

"I do believe she would; it would be quaint and pretty and odd; too indescribably intense," said Bessie.

"Mrs. Williams, I *do* hope all this talk about real practical facts will make

Bess a little more sensible. She's turning her head with all this æsthetic nonsense," said Madge almost pathetically.

"Oh! Mrs. Williams, my sister is *so* matter-of-fact;" and Bessie's ringing laugh and mirthful face were infectious.

"There is nothing like a warm interest in good work for others to exercise all sorts of nonsense, and our Bessie is going to do much of that in future, I'm sure," said Mrs. W., lovingly. The young girl laid her sweet, witching face caressingly on her friend's shoulder for a moment, and her large brown eyes made wordless promises; another young heart bound.

"Here is jewelry, silver bracelets and ear-rings, I do declare; how pretty they are," said Jennie delightedly.

"Oh! let me see. Why, Mrs. Williams, they are like those your niece wore when she was here last winter, aren't they?"

"Those she wore were made to order by an Indian in Fort Wrangel, and sent on as a Christmas gift. The carving on them is quite equal in delicacy to much that our silversmiths execute. All of their work is done by hand, without the aid of the superior tools our workmen have. These few articles show you that these Indians have naturally much taste and skill. They carve almost everything; their utensils and furniture, their totems and poles, and even the outside of the chiefs' and rich men's houses, are elaborately carved. Some of them cost from $1,000 to $3,000."

"Do they have houses? I thought all uncivilized Indians live in wigwams," said Jennie.

"The Alaska tribes do not. Some of their dwellings are very large, and accommodate more than one family."

"How are they built, please?"

"They are usually thirty or forty feet long; the floor is covered with plank, with the exception of a few feet of earth in the middle, where the fire is built; the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Four or five feet above the floor a broad platform runs all around the inside, on which they spread their mats, blankets and furs; on this they sit and sleep."

"Do they wear skins or clothes?" inquired Estelle.

"They are fast falling into the style of Americans. Formerly they wore blankets, and as they are fond of showy colors, they were mostly red, brown, blue, yellow, etc. The squaws wore theirs much as our ladies wear their circulars. The rich squaws are fond of a great many trinkets, and wear gay handkerchiefs on their heads, like a turban. Sometimes they have two or three rings of some kind on each finger, rings in each ear, and one in the nose. They are fond of showy, pretty things, and spend large sums on any thing that strikes their fancy. One of the Fort Wrangel squaws went to Mrs. Young, and told her she had bought a looking-glass, and had no place to put it; would Mrs. Young take care of it till she had a safe place? The promise was given, and when the mirror came it proved to be an elegant French plate in an expensive frame. The woman bought it from the effects of a partly-wrecked steamship, and paid forty-five dollars for it."

"Where in the world did she get the money?"

"She earned it in some way. You must not imagine that the condition of the squaws is a pleasant one; on the contrary, it is in all respects most pitiful," said Mrs. Williams.

"Oh, I hoped they were more cared for than other Indian women we read of," said Mary.

"They are very degraded, my love; and as we have talked about what is interesting in regard to these Indians, I must tell you some things that will distress and shock you, or you will not realize the exceeding need there is

to send teachers to them, and, most of all, we must feel for our poor sisters, in whose lives very little of joy or hope ever falls."

The young faces were grave, and Jennie restlessly rearranged her cushions which she had again appropriated. Her luxurious nature shrank from tales or scenes of woe. To her, life must be full of beauty and pleasure. Mrs. Williams hoped to awaken feelings less selfish in her, and to deepen all noble motives and desire in the fair young group, most of whom were children of dear friends, and on whom, childless herself, her warm heart bestowed much affection.

"Dear Mrs. Williams, we are so interested in these people, we hope you will tell us all you think best; don't we, girls?" and Ella looked around to receive their assent, which was warmly given.

"The Indian tribes are very superstitious. They believe in witchcraft, sorcery and the transmigration of souls."

"Mrs. Williams, please, I don't think I understand exactly what you mean about that; won't you please explain?" said Jennie.

"I am glad you asked, dear. I hope you will all make inquiries about any thing that you do not understand. Transmigration of souls is an old heathen belief, and means that the soul of the dead passes into another body either at the moment of death or after a state of probation—the spirit meantime roaming about. I could talk all this afternoon, and not get round to our missionaries; but I have told you enough to show you how dark is their ignorance, and how deep is their degradation. Now let us talk about the unfortunate women and children. Your tender hearts will be oppressed by these facts, but, my dear girls, ought not we, on whom our Father has bestowed such inestimable privileges, to desire and strive to do all we can to bring them out of heathenism, and lift them to a purer and higher life?"

Tears were in the eyes of more than one of these dear girls as they earnestly assented to Mrs. Williams' almost pleading words.

"These women are the slaves of the men. They are as entirely subject to their disposal in all respects as their dogs or chattels. They can be tortured for witchcraft. In some sections of Alaska they are the beasts of burden, doing all the drudgery, pitching and taking up tents, carrying canoes, gardening, cooking, making and mending. They are beaten and tormented and abused until life becomes a burden, and is often ended by suicide. The little girls are objects of deepest pity. The mothers on the Upper Yukon River feel this so strongly that large numbers of the girl babies are destroyed by their own mothers. Some are taken out into the woods, their mouths filled with grass, and left there to die."

"Horrible!" "Awful!" said the indignant girls.

"If women and little girls are sick, they are turned out into a hut until they recover or die. When little girls are ten or twelve years old, they are put through great hardships for months, probably to prepare them for the wretched life before them."

"The wonder is that they do not kill themselves," said Bessie.

"I have had the same thought; poor, defenceless, abused little girls," said Mrs. Williams, sadly. "After this, new clothes are given them, a slit is cut in the lip, a ring inserted, a feast is made, and she is ready for marriage, or for ill-treatment and degradation worse than I can describe. Little girls of fourteen or fifteen years are often sold for a few weeks or months to miners or Indians. When wood is scarce, the dead slave women are thrown out where dogs or crows will devour them. My precious girls, the bare thought that one-hundredth part of these fearful evils might have in any way befallen you, makes me shudder. Think what Christianity has done for us,

and how black a gulf lies between the women and girls of Alaska and ourselves, and can we refrain from doing what we can to give them that glorious gospel?"

After a few moments of silence, Mrs. Williams resumed:

"Now we will talk again of Mrs. McFarland, who was the first missionary who went to Alaska to remain. She took up the work courageously, and very soon secured the confidence of the Indians. She found them quick to learn, very imitative, fond of music, and capable of great improvement. Those who were willing to give up their heathen customs became ambitious to be like the Americans. The women and girls were affectionate and kind. Mrs. McFarland was the only missionary in Alaska for seven months, and at Fort Wrangel for a whole year, and the natives grew to think her so wise and kind that they brought all their troubles to her. If they were sick, she was the doctor; if any died, and were willing to be buried, she must conduct the funeral; if any quarrelled over property, she was the judge, and they abided by her decision. Several of the great chiefs heard of this wonderful white lady, and came great distances to see her, and remained to attend her school. They entreated that teachers might be sent to their tribes, but there were none to send, and no money to send them."

"There's *plenty* of money, if people would only give it, and I don't see how they can help it," said Ella, warmly.

"Why, Ella, how little you know about it. Most of the Christian people are too poor to give to missions. Why, when that missionary was here from India or Siam, or some place over there, I heard him talking to Mr. Steward about what they could do if they only had the money, and Mr. S. was so sorry he was so poor (they say he is only worth a couple of hundred thousand!) that he had no interest ready to pay over to the Lord; of course he'd have to get an extension of time on the note, poor man, and that's the way with most of the Lord's people, you know," said Bessie, with mock seriousness and a most innocent manner.

The girls laughed at this speech, and Madge said:

"Well, Bess, that is pretty well for you. How on earth do you know so much about notes?"

"O, I've heard papa talk business many a time. We'll go into his pocketbook, and make him pay up his interest, won't we Madge?"

"I do hope so," replied she, laughing. "But, Mrs. Williams, did not Mrs. McFarland take care of a number of girls?"

"Yes; as soon as she learned about their sad condition, she was so full of pity, and the firm belief that little could be done for the females of the tribes unless she could rescue and educate the girls, that she determined to open a Home for as many as the churches and Mission Bands would support. But she soon found that she must have a building for it; none in Wrangel could be had that would be suitable. This proved to be a great undertaking. She wrote to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who, through his missionary papers and lectures stirred up an interest and set others working, and raised the money, so that, at last, the house was built and the Home was opened. There are thirty or more girls in it. Several of these were little things she rescued from slavery; some ran from their mothers and clung to Mrs. McFarland's feet, entreating her to save them. Many of these are described as very bright and pretty. One who has in three years learned to read and write, and the common branches, and to sew and to keep house nicely, is a Christian, and is going back to her tribe to teach them the blessed things she has learned. After Rev. Mr. Young went to Fort Wrangel as a missionary, he took all the

extra work on himself, and he has been not only the minister, but the chief magistrate. He has great influence with the Indians."

"Where was your friend sent?" asked Mary.

"To Sitka. She opened a school at once, and soon had a large number of scholars, old and young. She had few books, and had to teach from the blackboard. She has a fine voice, and from her they soon learned many tunes from Gospel Hymns, which they sang in the streets or anywhere. Those who learned the alphabet first were seen making the letters in the sand, helping others. In Miss Kellogg's letters to her father there are one or two incidents, among many, that will interest you. Rev. Mr. Brady is a missionary who was off and on at Sitka, and once on learning that the body of a dead chief was to be burned, he decided to prevent it if possible. He invited Miss Kellogg to help him, and they went out of town some distance, where, as usual, a large crowd had collected. Mr. Brady talked and Miss Kellogg sang, talked and sang, sang and argued for a long time. At last, on Mr. Brady's promise to pay the expense of the funeral, the chief's friends agreed to have the body buried 'like American man.' Miss Kellogg's fine voice and genial manners made her a favorite with the Indians.

"What a fine thing it is to have a good voice under command. I shall try to cultivate mine harder than ever," said Madge, with enthusiasm.

It had been cheerfully admitted that she had the finest voice in school.

"When our Father gives us such a jewel, he expects us to shape and polish it, and bring out its purity and brilliancy, to be consecrated to his service, my love, as Miss Kellogg had done," said Mrs. Williams with tender earnestness.

An almost solemn look lay in Madge's eyes as she gazed into her kind friend's face, which made Mrs. Williams offer instant prayer that this young Christian would be led to consecrate all her strong mental and physical powers to Christ's service.

"Miss Kellogg writes about an indian named Jack, who had a bad reputation before the school opened, but after attending that for awhile, was anxious 'to be like Christian man.' He gave up drink and signed the pledge, which the teacher succeeded in making him understand, saying, 'Me drink no more.' The Indians made a vile whiskey out of molasses and water called 'hoochinoo.' Its influence is dreadful when they have their pow-wows. Then they are stimulated to fearful performances by their Shamans or Medicine Men. These men are sorcerers and cannibals."

"Cannibals!" exclaimed Mary, horrified.

"Yes, my dear, even in our own America there are cannibals—a fact that until recently was unknown, save to a few. There is so much that is interesting, though it is painful, that I could tell you, but I *must* refrain. I have lengthened my talks about this people far beyond my first intentions. I fear that some of you have been wearied."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Williams, we find it all very interesting, don't we, girls?"

This, from Jennie, gave her friend much pleasure.

"Thanks, my love! There is a little more about Jack in this letter that will interest you. As long as there was work in the salmon cannery, Jack was employed on account of his sober habits. With some of his wages he bought good clothes to wear to church; also a nice calico dress, a silk handkerchief and shawl for his wife. The next Sabbath she had the handkerchief on her head. When I saw him afterward, I said, 'Jack, the next thing you buy for Mary must be a hat, that she may look as well as the Fort Wrangel women, who have collars, gloves, neckties, and other nice things.' Last Saturday, they came to my house to show me the purchases—a muslin dress,

which he wished me to show her how to make just like mine, two hats (a straw and velvet), a pair of gloves, and a green ribbon for a tie. I gave her collars and cuffs to complete the outfit. In her new rig she is called the belle of the city."

"I fancy she must have felt funny in her new rig. How queer she must have looked!" said Estelle.

"Jack was *proud* of her. Can you imagine what an advance that was for one of these men? In December, Miss Kellogg was married to Rev. Mr. Young, and went to Fort Wrangel to reside. It was a trial to close so promising a mission for some months; but it has been under the care, very successfully, of Rev. Mr. Austin and family for more than a year."

"Oh, please tell us something else that she or the others did. I can almost fancy myself there," said Mary,

"You would like to hear about their first Christmas tree?"

"Yes, indeed; a Christmas tree in hyperborean regions!" exclaimed Ella.

"Not so very hyperborean when the water scarcely freezes in winter," said Madge.

"Long before Christmas Mrs. McFarland and Miss Kellogg thought that a Christmas tree would be a wonderful pleasure to their Indians of all ages: the fathers and mothers are only great children. This wish she made known to various Eastern friends in city and country, and in due time there reached them a large and great variety of gifts for the festival, which was given to the Indians in Fort Wrangel. The Sabbath-school of a church that I had interested, had sent several pounds of beads, ornaments, ribbons, ruffles, gay handkerchiefs, neck-ties, aprons, ties for the men and boys, necklaces, bracelets, and hair ornaments made of glass beads, some of them very pretty. There were chromos, picture-books, Testaments, Gospel Hymns, slates, etc," said Mrs. Williams, in a lively manner, "and from the other packages received were taken innumerable articles of great variety.

"When the day came, three large pine trees were securely fastened in one end of a large room, and to keep what was being done a secret from the Indians, who *would* come in, sheets were hung as a curtain. Three hours were required by the Missionary Circle to put the candles and gifts on the trees.

"When the curtain was drawn, the Indian guests, old and young, numbering over three hundred, were filled with amazement and delight. Never had they dreamed of anything like that. Mr. Young made a speech, and Toy-att and Moses, Christian chiefs, made speeches. They sang Christmas hymns, and then gave every one, young and old, a gift from the wonderful tree."

"Oh, how I would like to have been there; it must have been rich," said Madge. "What did the Indians do?"

"Their turn to surprise their kind teachers came at midnight and on the Christmas morning. At midnight the Indians serenaded the missionary families by singing, and then gave them their Christmas greeting. This was very unexpected and pretty."

"Really, these aborigines are becoming aesthetic," said Bessie, with a mischievous glance at Madge, who was compelled to join in the general laugh.

Mrs. Williams resumed:

"The next morning they formed in procession, and went around to have a handshake. They were all dressed in their best clothes; of course, gay colors were conspicuous. The leader of the procession was a boy dressed in blue cashmere, ornamented with gilt stars; on his head he wore a sort of cap made of stars and flowers; in his hand he carried a flag. Then came their

great chief Toy-att, a Christian, then prominent men, the school, and others —in all, nearly three hundred, if I remember rightly. They passed through the houses of Mr. Young and Mrs. McFarland, entering the front and going out at the back doors, shaking hands, and expressing good wishes as well as they could, as many do not speak English."

"It would have been fun to have looked on, but it must have been dreadfully tiresome to shake hands with so many," said Jennie.

"No doubt it was, but the missionaries care not for that. Their hearts rejoiced over the great improvement that had been made in so short a time, and looked into the future with courage and faith."

"What else did they do? tell us, please," said Estelle.

Expectation sat in every face, and Mrs. Williams proceeded:

"Later on, the same morning, one of Mrs. McFarland's oldest girls and their good Indian, Matthew, were married in the chapel by Rev. Mr. Young. After this came a grand feast, the friendly Indians made for the young couple. These feasts are great affairs, and often cost a great deal of money."

"It would be a great feast those Indians could get up!" said Jennie, sceptically."

"They must have improved mighty fast since they sat around the kettle on the floor, and dipped up their food with a horn spoon," said Ella.

"Most of them do still, don't they?" inquired Mary.

"Yes; but they have learned much from the whites, and as they are very imitative, they do well. When Mrs. Young's babe was three months old, the Indians wanted to name her. I will read from her letter. She says: 'Lately our Indians named our baby. They made a large feast, to which we were all invited, and she was named with a good deal of their Indian ceremony. They always give presents at these feasts. Usually, the person who is named makes the gifts, but in this instance they gave cloth and calico to us and each other. Baby Abbie's was white calico with blue spots. Being the mother, I had to make a speech, and in it I told them she should wear their gift in a dress. Her Indian name is An-ook-ch, given her by the head chief, after his mother. Giving names is a great ceremony with all tribes. They are sometimes very expensive entertainments, costing, in gifts of furs, blankets and slaves, from $1,000 to $2,000. When the heir to a chieftainship takes his place, slaves are often killed.

As Mrs. Williams folded the letter, Jennie exclaimed:

"How extremely interesting this account is! How rapidly the natives must have improved. We would like to have seen some of these performances, girls?"

"Yes, indeed, let us go to Alaska for our summer vacation," said Ella, laughing.

"That is not so strange a proposition as you imagine. That region is becoming quite frequented by travellers, even ladies. One of my Fort Wrangel letters mentions several strangers, one lady from Boston accompanied only by a little son of ten years."

Mrs. Williams was secretly rejoiced to observe how Jennie's interest was awakening, and she hoped to succeed in bringing her out of self. As she turned over the pages of her letters, she smilingly remarked:

"My dear girls, it will be tea-time before we get through our narrative of events, and I hoped to have a little time for other things. I think I will tell you one thing more, and that is about Mrs. McFarland's courage in trying to save two women from torture for witchcraft. I heard Dr. Sheldon Jackson relate it some time ago."

"Oh! let me ask now what became of Philip, or Clah," exclaimed Madge.

"Philip did not live long to help. He died of consumption. He had brought his wife, Annie, who had become a Christian [she was given to him when he was a boy], and hired a house, and was very happy. He died saying, 'Annie, don't feel bad. Jesus knows best. As earth fades, heaven grows brighter.'"

"How different his death was from his heathen brothers."

"He was a great example to his people. He was very anxious that the 'McFarland Home' should prosper. Annie is in school now, and her little boy will soon be old enough to go, too. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, some of whose books you have read, is raising money to educate them."

"How many girls have been saved in the Home?"

"Thirty or more. A Boys' Home, to train up Christian teachers for their own people, has been established at Sitka, under Mr. Austin's care, which is very successful and useful."

Mary took Mrs. Williams' hand in hers:

"Please tell us now about Mrs. McFarland. I'm sure it is interesting."

"It is, my love; an exhibition of unselfish love and courage, rarely equalled. One dark, rainy evening, word was brought to Mrs. McFarland that two Indian women were to be tortured for witchcraft. Without hesitation she went to the house, around which a crowd of excited men were waiting the movements within. Mrs. McFarland was told that she could not go in; that no woman *would* dare to go in where the Medicine Men were; that it would be death. But, disregarding personal danger and abuse, she waited at the door a long time, and at length pushed in behind some one who entered. The Shamans glowered fiercely at this audacious act, and ordered her out with threats and savage gestures; but she stood her ground firmly by the side of the poor bound women, who lay on the ground, and who had already suffered terribly. Can you imagine the scene? The fierce Shamans, half-naked, their faces painted hideously, and wild with rage over these supposed witches, and Mrs. McFarland's temerity; the frightened, groaning women lying at the feet of the brave lady, who stood there in her undaunted dignity; and over all the weird light from the fire on the ground. How many white ladies would have dared attempt to save two poor slave women from a terrible death, at a much less fearful risk to themselves. Yet for more than two hours did this delicately-reared lady, with heroic soul and holy love, brave these demons, arguing, reasoning, threatening, until she conquered, and the women were unbound and delivered to her protection."

The girls sat with bated breath, listening excitedly, and, when their friend ceased, all sighed from relief, one and another exclaiming:

"How *could* she!"

"How *did* she dare!"

"What a *wonderful* woman!"

"*She is* a Christian!"

"I don't wonder she wants to save and teach the girls, and make good women of them."

"Dear Mrs. Williams, you said we could help you!" remarked Bessie.

Suddenly eager inquiry appeared in all faces.

"You are right, little one. My heart has been pained to-day by news from Sitka. The old Army Hospital, which had been used as the Indian Boys' Mission Home, under the care of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Austin, and their daughter, was burned to the ground in January, and much of its contents destroyed. This is sad news, and yet our Lord can overrule it for good to all concerned."

"It just seems dreadful. How did it originate?"

"By a defective chimney. Many valuable articles were lost—the new organ, the chest of tools, and the stores for the house. Mr. Austin's personal furniture and effects were much damaged. The cook-stove was dragged out by the boys with a rope. You will enjoy reading the letters in the *Presbyterian Home Missions* and other papers, because they show how devoted and heroic those boys were, and that the results of this experiment prove the great need there is for just such Industrial Schools for the Indian boys. While the girls must be saved and educated, it is equally necessary that the boys be rescued from the worst kind of heathenism, and by educating their bright minds and versatile abilities, make them good American citizens, which, we are told, they are anxious to become. By the way, do any of your mothers take the *Presbyterian Home Missions?*"

"Mamma does," said Mary, and Ella knew that her mamma had subscribed for it quite recently.

"I hope you will have it in all of your homes. It is full of interesting information in regard to the missions of our Church and about the great West—matters we ought to know if we would be intelligent Christians. I think you would all like Mrs. Willard's letters from Haines."

"Oh, when we began our 'talks,' you told us we might reserve our sympathies about the winter for the Chilcat missionaries. Is Mrs. Willard at Haines?" said Madge.

"Yes; but if you read her letters you will be better pleased than by any thing I can say. She will tell you about the country and people; about its beautiful scenery, its wonderful rivers, its rich Indian villages, and the manner of life of its people, and their own experiences in their long journey—quite equal to any book of travels in out of the way countries. The only thing to be regretted is, that she has not time to write up a little more fully. We become quite excited when we find her and her people in the middle of a river one mile and a half wide, in a canoe which 'ships water' every few minutes, which she has to bale out incessantly to keep afloat. We are interested in their receptions by the chief, and their barbaric entertainments, their lavish gifts, their feasts of giving names, their high and low caste distinctions, and wars in consequenee.

The girls, who were intelligent and fond of reading, were resolved that *they* would have the paper, *Presbyterian Home Missions*, even if others at home did not care for it, and the small subscription price, 50 cents a year, as there were three and more of them wanting it, was given at once out of their pocket money to Mrs. Williams, who kindly promised to send the order for them to Mr. O. D. Eaton, 23 Centre Street, New York City, at the Office of the Board of Home Missions.

"Oh, dear! how much money we want," sighed Jennie.

"Dear Mrs. Williams, is the Sitka Home one of the things we can help in?" asked Estelle.

"I do hope you can, dear children; that and the Girls' Home of Wrangel. Can any of you think of a way?"

Mary glanced around the circle; then said:

"Couldn't we form a 'Band,' and contrive to do something to earn money?"

"Oh, that will be jolly; let us do it. We can. Mrs. Williams will be our chairman, won't she?" asked Bessie, coaxingly.

At this moment the tea-bell rang, and sweet and bright were the faces grouped around their elderly friend, as they walked out to the tea-table, around which they gathered, chatting gaily, only pausing long enough to invoke the Father's blessing.

"What shall we call our Band," said Ella.

"Oh, Mrs. Williams, what was that odd name you called some of those Alaska Indians?"

"Do you mean 'Thlinket?'"

"Yes, yes; it will be such fun to see how people will spell it wrong; and to spell it wrong ourselves too. What do you say, girls?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I *thlink* that will do, and it will help us thlink, as my little brother would say, of Alaska."

"But what can we *do*, Mrs. Williams," said Estelle, who had been one of the quiet ones of the party; "and if we get any money, what exactly shall we do with it."

Here followed a lively discussion as to 'ways and means,' while Mrs. Williams told the dear young workers of the many, many wants they could help supply at the various mission stations. "Boats and bells, books and blackboards, furniture, organs, buildings, a log church at Haines; but I believe the boys will build that. We might have a room of our own in the new Mission House at Sitka, or take a boy there to educate; but that would be $100 a year."

"Well," said Jennie, "then we could take ½ of a boy, or ⅓ of a boy." At which they all laughed.

"Suppose," said Mrs. Williams, "we choose a secretary, and direct her to write at once to the Secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, at 23 Centre Street, New York City, and ask what work they are in the most hurry about just now."

"Yes," said one and all, and with due ceremony Ella Green was elected, and the business of the Band thus fairly began.

"Let us not forget, dear girls, at our homes and at our meetings," said Mrs. Williams, "to ask the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our work, for without this we can do no good. Let us now look to Him together that He may guide and use us to his glory. But first let us sing together." So now with softened hearts and voices a few words of praise were sung, after which the little circle kneeled, while Mrs. Williams prayed earnestly that the dear Master would guide these young disciples in their efforts to make Him known in far-off Alaska.

Now, my dear young friends, I wish you and I could be gratified by knowing how many dollars this precious group of earnest workers were instrumental in raising for the objects of their enthusiastic interest, but we shall be obliged to wait patiently "for returns," as these operations are still under preparation, and in the meantime, are there not other "Bands" who will emulate this labor of love for their unfortunate sisters in Alaska? Are there not other "Bands," who, feeling their obligations to the blessed gospel for their beloved Christian parents and homes, will, with grateful hearts, make greater efforts to give other young girls the joy and comfort of loving parents, and civilized, Christian homes? Do not fear being too enthusiastic about the Lord's work; there is little real success without enthusiasm. Remember: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

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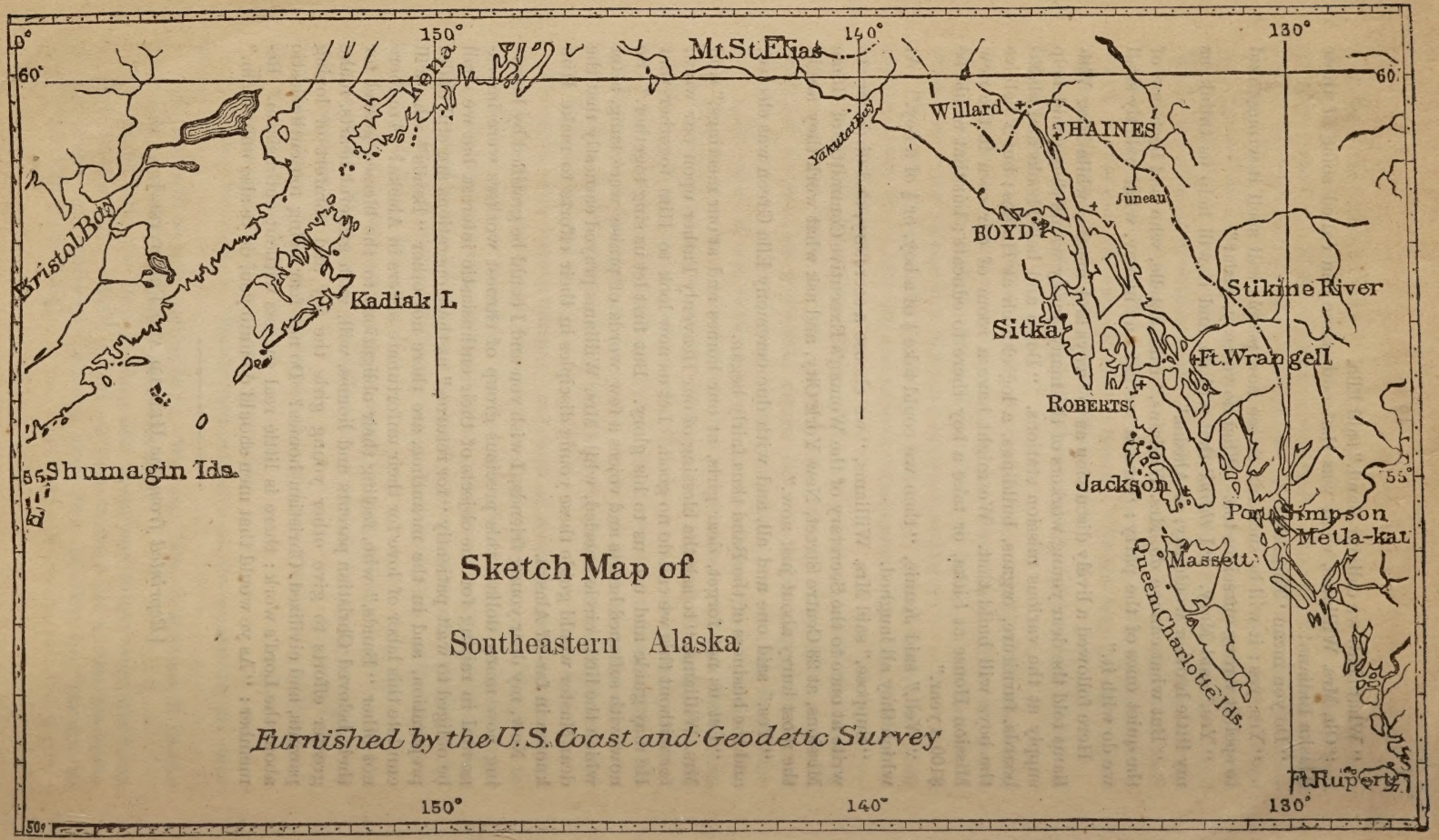

Sketch Map of

Southeastern Alaska

Furnished by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey